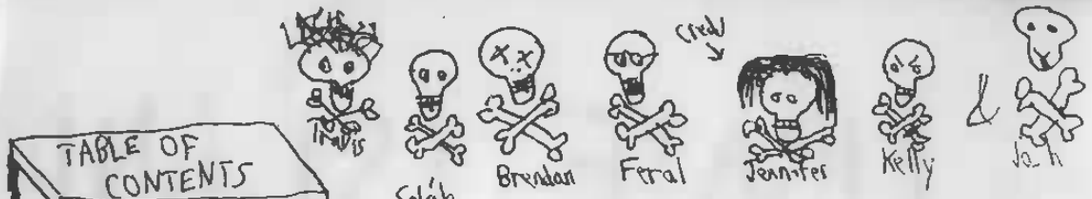
Pirate George Rings II
P.O. Box 203
Portland, OR, 97207

Long live The Pirate Hour!

2018.033

FREE! + WILD!

PIRATE ISLAND #1



Pointless, random Top 10 list:

1. Chimay Belgian Ale
2. Mudflap zine
3. Terminator Stout
4. Cometbus zine
5. Samuel Adams Bock
6. Antioch Arrow live at X-Ray
7. Guinness Draft
8. The Pogues on a drunken evening after walking out on a Puppie "Irish" music festival
9. Black Rabbit Porter
10. Orgasms

To get this zine by mail - please send potsage. Donations lovingly accepted. Send us your zine!

Editoriaral

This zine is dedicated to the household it was meant to represent. Actually, only a small number of the permanent residents, and only one guest, contributed material that got used in this issue. Since the Pirate House is being disrupted due to forceable landlord interventionary action, I/we won't be able to rectify that situation in a "next" issue. This is unfortunate, and the only consolation I can take is that the people in this house have so strongly affected and "influenced" me (although I hesitate to use a word so laden in manipulative imagery) that some of their individual spirits have surely infected this zine.

The Pirate House has been a contradiction: a union of egoists, an individualist collective, a group of anarchists whose promary goal is not the "abolition" of the State (as though it were possible to abolish a fiction). If we as union/collective/group **had** a goal, it was play: unrestrained quest for pleasure, smiles, laughter and games. To do this, it was necessary (and fun) to simply forget about rules, meetings, "process", and responsibilities and to take risks. It would be deceitful to claim that this never had un-fun repercussions, but the more intensely one celebrates the joys of life, the more passionately one feels the tragedies (like evictions). I would **still** use my wings to get closer to the sun, even knowing that it may jealously singe them-who knows? the sun might turn out to be a great playmate, if approached non-competitively.

So, although the Pirate House as a collective entity is presently comatose, the individual pirates are still roaming the high seas, in search of adventure. As long as we remain alive and do not join the ranks of the nine-to-five-get-a-hobby-but-keep-it-in-the-garage zombies, we will continue our crazy games, continue to threaten boredom with our make-believe blunderbusses. And who knows? One day you may see us aboard a new schooner on your street, skull-and-crossbones prominently displayed, feasting, making music and playing wildly together. You are invited to join in-if you dare. Just don't bore us.

Goodbye Pirates, I love you all,
Pope George Ringo II

P.O. Box 203
Portland, OR. 97207

R.S.A.

THE REVOLUTIONARY SHOPLIFTING ARMY IS DEDICATED TO THE LIBERATION OF IDLE CONSUMER GOODS HORDED BY CAPITALIST PROFITEERS IN DISTRIBUTION CENTERS ACROSS THE LAND.

SHOPLIFTING. IT'S NOT A CRIME, IT'S A NECESSITY

Beer First!

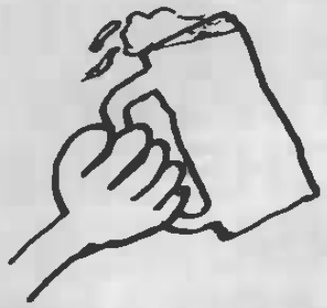
live drunk or die!

Do you really want change in the world? Sure things are really fucked up, but have you ever considered where change - real, long lasting change - could lead? We, the loose quasi-revolutionaries who believe in drunken revelry as the guiding principal in our opposition to the "authorities", have adopted the title Beer First! to let the elitist, so-called "anarchist", self-styled "marxists" and other "revolutionary" organizations know that for now on we will not support any "political" "action" unless there is beer involved! We support no political party, except the Ex-Worker's Keg Party (EKP). We will only discuss liberatory movements who support the concept of the Travelling Autonomous Keg Action (TAKA). We demand the right to get falling down drunk as often and wherever we feel and to take little action beyond the creative placement of vomit!

We dare to ask "Just how much change do you want?", and shudder to think about what a post-consummerist society would mean to the average beer-sucker!

To this end we raise our frothy mugs and declare:

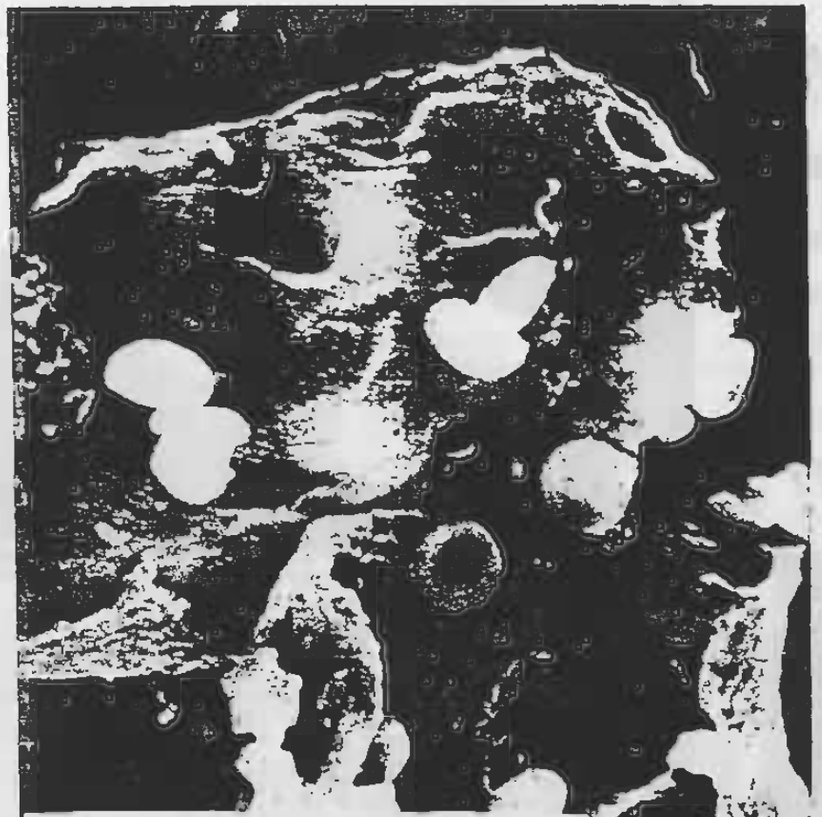
No Compromise in



the defense of sucking brew!

And to our would-be detractors, we say, down with the hyperactive elitism of the coffee addicts. We want our beer and we want it now!

Beer is Genocide!



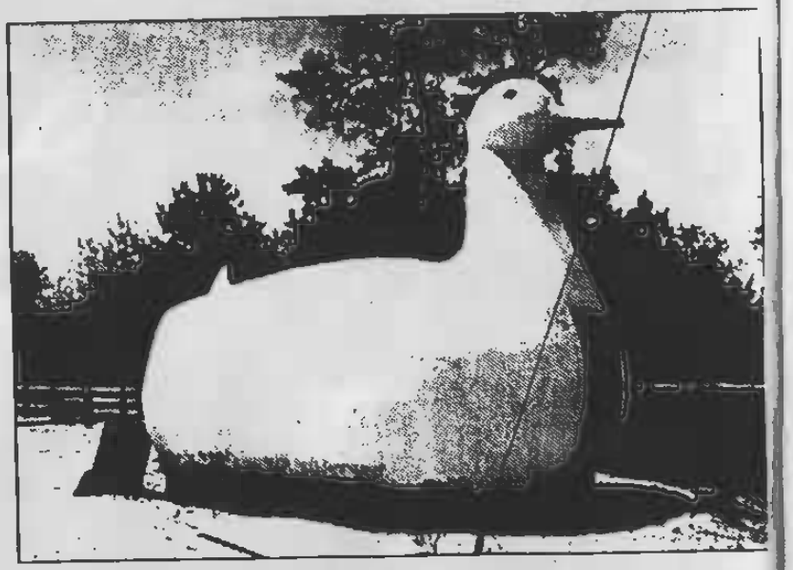
On Tuesday, Judge Jerome Johnson of King County Superior Court found the Joneses in contempt of court and told them to submit a new color scheme on Friday to the board. Mr. Jones will then make a decision. except to say, "We'll never give them a white or a beige, no matter how much they keep pressuring us."

Do the misguided individuals of Beer First! understand just how many yeasts died so that they could revel in their drunkedness? Probably no more than the typical so-called "vegan" revolutionaries who eat billions upon billions of dead yeast in their beastial craving for dead animal matter which they term "bread".

Sure, many in our movement drink coffee daily, sometimes as much as a full pot apiece, but at least no microscopic cultures were forced to choke to death on their own excrement to satiate our appetites.

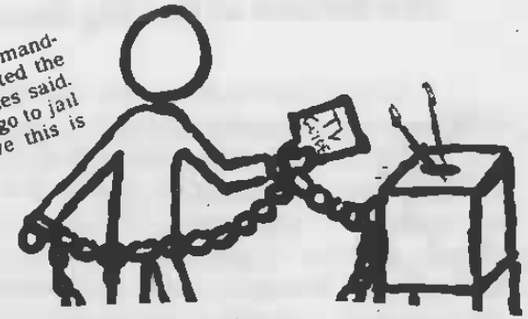
Down with the hung-over laziness of the drunken post-punks! You belong with the toilet-hugging hippies, in the cestpool of history!

Vegan or Death!



Hate propaganda from other dimensions mistakenly slips through wormholes portals and finds its way onto our airwaves. Television screens seeth with images of snakelike mollusks writhing into swastika-like patterns. Blood drenched dreams of demoniac idealogues blare from every P.A. system. "Smash the Bryzalgiac! Hunt them down! Destroy them!" What can it mean? People everywhere turn to their leaders, to Christ, to the All-Knowing, to themselves for an explanation. But none is forthcoming. Meanwhile the nightmare images manifest themselves in the middle of Sesame Street, terrorizing parents from Seattle to Tel Aviv, while the children stare placidly on, merely accepting the new information. Digesting it.They are destined to grow into the steely-eyed defenders of the Soltum nation, they believe. The adults are harder to convince-too much long experience with reality contradicts the impassioned arguments of the Corpse-like dictator that each night haunts their television screens. But their children rapidly organize efficient stormtroops to instruct unbelievers and exact revenge on any "Bryzalgiac exploiters" they are able to root out in the human population. Concentration Camps are established, and any bearing the mark of Bryzalgia are lead to destruction. In desparate and fanatical fury, the human race uproots itself to weed out the influences of the nonexistant scapegoat. Millions suffer and perish. And then, one day the wormhole closes; the screams of the Soltum fuehrer cease without explanation, and humanity faces itself, embarassed, in the mirror.

-DOKTOR DETROET



"I believe in God, the Ten Commandments, and I have never violated the law — any law," Barbara Jones said. "I guess I'm not yet ready to go to jail over this. But I can't believe this is happening in America."

Manifesto of the Cable Access Television Saboteurs

Whereas television is today the primary proponent of the modern patriarchy and primary medium of reinforcement of the Spectacle for the broad populace,...

Whereas the television industry as it adapts to the recuperation of original thought and radical action becomes increasingly seductive and powerful in its defense of the patriarchal social structure,...

Whereas television as a technological entity is entirely organized to define hierarchical dichotomies and is completely incapable of functioning as a true medium of communication between equals and....

Whereas the television cannot be revolutionized...

The Cable Access Television Saboteurs (hereafter to be designated C.A.T.S.) hereby declare themselves to be unrelenting enemies of the technological, sociological and ideological apparatus of television.

As enemies of television we are in solidarity with every action, public or private, that attacks television, liberates people from television or reduces the popularity and pervasiveness of television. This includes destruction of individual sets, street theater which displays the nature of television, jamming of television signals, assassination of media figures, terrorist attacks on stations as well as the more indirect tactic of sabotage. We are also in solidarity with creation of community events, media and actions which encourage people to engage in true interpersonal discourse, and awaken them to the possibility of once again reclaiming their lives from the shackles of the patriarchy.

As Television Saboteurs our tactics consist in infiltrating the airwaves and thereby undermining the machine from within. **We are not reformers**. We do not believe that the broadcast of "alternative" or "independently produced" programming can in any way be used to undermine the patriarchy as this will merely be recuperated into the Spectacle and be used as evidence of the "freedom" of modern society. The only purpose for which we create and broadcast programming is to sabotage and destroy the medium as a whole. Our programming is not intended to be enjoyed or to inform but to disturb and confuse to the point where viewers no longer feel they can trust television at all, and eventually, take revolutionary action against it and the patriarchy it supports. Like any saboteurs we recognize the risk that when our revolutionary comrades attack the structure in which we are infiltrated, we will be among those destroyed by "friendly fire". We knowingly accept that risk.

The Return of the Big Duck

Once upon a time, the Industrial Workers of the World was a strong revolutionary union. So militant and effective was this decentralized organization that the U.S. Congress enacted certain legislation just to deal with the "Wobblies", as they were known back in the 'teens (1910's). Spurned by traditional labor unions, battled by chambers of commerce across the country and gunned down by police and state militia, the IWW virtually disappeared from the national political arena in the "red scare" following the "success" of the Bolshevik revolution in the former Soviet Union.

Yet today, the "smallest, meanest union your boss ever fucked with", still persists, as just that!

Currently, the IWW is undergoing some soul-searching about its mission as a revolutionary union. With only a few hundred dues-paying members, a national organization that is geared to function with much larger numbers and a monthly publication (the Industrial Worker), the elected leadership of the IWW is wondering why other organizations are "moving and flourishing," while the number of Wobs remains fairly constant. In the following paragraphs, I am going to delve into what I believe are some of the obstacles that the IWW would do well to address in order to update its message to workers here in the late stages of the 20th century.

First of all, Unions of any sort, revolutionary or "management friendly" (like the AFL), have shown a great weakness in confronting the capitalists. Though, far in the past, Unions have won better working conditions (the 40-hour workweek, higher wages, and other benefits), they have failed to keep their focus as being opposed to the capitalist system of production. Not to mention the fact that even the AFL cannot keep Industry from throwing hundreds of thousands of workers out on their asses.

In current Wobbly writings, there is much ranting against the "bosses", which in most cases means "management", yet there is very little mention of overthrowing the system of production for profit, which is known as "the wage system" in Wobbly jargon and "wage slavery" in traditional anarchist terminology. Even when the end of the wage system is mentioned, it is almost always as some far-off , post-revolutionary vision. There is little thought or action given towards making this a possibility for the here and now, despite the fact that there are anarchist groups currently pursuing these goals in many countries throughout the world (squatters, intentional communities, land trusts, etc.). This lack of attention to the struggle against capitalism outside the workplace is one of the largest drawbacks to the IWW attracting new members.

Many Wobs are still mouthing the same, turn-of-the-century rhetoric about taking over the workplace, worker management, and workplace democracy. What is the purpose of all that? So that capitalism can function more effectively? So that workers will be more productive? With the current state of the industrial world, why the fuck would workers want to take over the industries. That would let the capitalists off the hook for the mess they've made of the world and leave the workers to not only live in the cesspool of industrial pollution, but to clean the mess up as well. Workers the world over should reject any such notion.

And to take into consideration the state of industry in the United States, where factories are being shut down by the hundreds in favor of cheaper labor in lesser-developed countries, industrial workers make up less than 15% of the workforce. Most workers are engaged in service-related jobs. What option does that leave the average worker, to seize control of the Taco Bells and shopping malls? What purpose would that serve? I seriously doubt that many people would consider this a great improvement in their lives.

Shopping malls, fast food eateries, factories; these are all forms of consumption, production and economic elitism that must be wiped from the face of the earth, not given a new, friendlier facade! Co-operative markets instead of retail shopping! Co-operative kitchens in place of restaurants! Democratic workshops in place of mass-production assembly lines! Such notions are outside the vision of the Wobbly traditionalists.

When ideas like smashing the workplace are advanced, the Wobbly intelligencia dismisses it immediately as some "punk" notion unworthy of consideration. Yet the effects of the factory on the environment and the psyche of the workers are undeniable: factories are inhuman spaces which create conditions that are repugnant to life, both inside and out! Workers on a production line are nothing more than parts of the industrial machine, no more important than the machines

Property convenants: security or tyranny?

themselves. Even if the workers were in control of the factory the redundant, unchallenging and unrewarding aspects of the work itself would still wear out their bodies and dull their spirits. And the industrial waste would still pollute their drinking water and foul their local food supply. The environmental considerations of industry are too often overlooked in class struggle in America, though in much of Europe and Latin America, the two are virtually inseparable.

I'll return to the workplace in a little while, but there are some other issues which I would like to bring up before suggesting possible alternatives to traditional Wobbly goals.

"If we are to redefine the IWW, as we must to be successful, taking a hard look at the (concept of) One Big Union and its scary implications is a good place to start," wrote outgoing General Secretary-Treasurer Jess Grant. One Big Union, the concept of Syndicalism as it grew out of the American West, is an ideological deadweight that drags the IWW back into the previous century .

When the IWW was founded in 1907, the idea of Anarcho-syndicalism was just being formulated in Latin America, Spain, Italy and France. The view of Wobblies that all workers, despite the differences in the type of work they perform, should unite in order to strengthen their ability to struggle against the common foe (capital) is not at all at odds with the aims of many syndicalist unions. However, at the most recent Wobbly General Assembly, the membership voted against formalizing relations with the International Worker's Association (Note: I cannot write the word "Workingmen's" which is still in the official name of the IWA - rlr). The faint majority of the Wobs (the measure failed by a mere 6 votes) decided that other revolutionary unions, despite their similarity in goals and historic roles in their respective nations, were not worthy of their attention. The IWW faithful would rather, for example, try to convince workers in Spain to join the One Big Union (in reality the smallest union in the world) rather than join with the thousands of workers in the CNT/IWA already present there. This is nothing but elitism and is extraordinarily nationalistic! There is no mention of debate on the issue in the report I read, so I cannot even imagine why a worker would ignore a strong, militant Union in another country which has much to offer in the way of resources and solidarity and instead

Spaces Between

It was a bright, sunny day and we were out walking under the blue sky together.

"I love you." I said, not entirely spontaneously because I had gotten the original impulse about two blocks back while we were struggling up the steep hill, but I had spent the intervening time wondering if saying it in public like this might make you feel uncomfortable.

"Out of respect for other customers, please refrain from nibbling." You said, and flashed a smile that sent a shudder from my knees to my genitalia.

I laughed, because I was happy, because what you had said was funny, and to cover the anxiety I felt because you didn't say "I love you too." Love is like that, I thought, and squeezed your hand for reassurance and you did squeeze back so I knew you still cared and I stared at the bright, big, blue sky and thought how nice it would be if we two could disappear into that blue vastness and ride a soft, damp cloud together and steer it away from snowstorms and air pollution and people that don't like our looks and just play all day far above the earth...

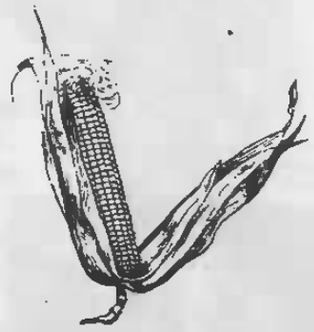
You had stopped to look at some neon-psychedelic window display and let yourself be tempted into buying things you didn't need. I realized that your desire to do this stemmed not so much from wasteful consumerism as from a desire to have some tangible souvenir, some memento of this day, a day when you were happy and in love, so that on some later day, when it was raining or we were fighting or your cat died or you just didn't feel good you could hold this object in your hand and feel better. You might not remember specifically on which day you had bought it, or even that I had been there when you did, but you would remember the feeling and maybe even the sensation of holding my hand and loving me.

But this store was too flourescent and expensive-looking for you, so we continued down the street.

"Let's get some ice cream." You said as we stopped at the "Don't Walk" sign, nearly unreadable because the brightness of the sun shining directly on it. There was an ice cream place not halfway down the next block, so the desire initiated by your suggestion was easily fulfilled. Just hearing you say the words "ice cream" had given me a sudden need for chocolate chips. Actually hearing you say "Let's get some" right before that had started to turn me on but I used my sudden desire for chocolate to keep myself from doing anything socially unacceptable in public.

"Yeah, let's do that." I said, happily, turning to look at you, forgetting as usual to look directly at your eyes, whose color I was still unsure of, but lingering, as usual, on your ears, your neck and your lips-my favorite places for chewing & licking. Well, second favorite, anyway.

The light had turned to "Walk" already and you started out into the street and tugged me along. I followed, feeling a little embarrassed and self-conscious at forgetting to watch for the light, hoping that you would feel flattered at



being able to put me into a daze and not irritated that was always zoning out and not paying attention.

As we walked into the ice cream parlor, still hold hands, the lady behind the counter greeted us with an apparently genuine smile. She'd seen us come in before, and was probably happy that we were still together. Outwardly, we seemed to confirm her belief in romance a maybe there's no harm in that. She didn't need to know everything after all.

I suddenly changed my mind and got a scoop of coff a sugar cone. You scrunched up your face like I'd just ordered snail guts but didn't say anything. You ordered super-ultra-triple-fudge-crunch or something I knew wou so rich you couldn't finish, but that was fine, I'd eat rest.

So we sat down with our ice cream and started to t about what we did the day before when we were actually from each other for a few hours. We already knew pretty everything the other had to say, but it was nice to tal anyway.

Then you mentioned that you went to see your other lover yesterday afternoon. I tried to look unphased, as calmly how they are and all that, but I dropped my ice in my lap. Luckily the scoop hadn't melted much, so I salvaged it and cleaned off my pants. I felt silly for reacting to your news. I mean we both had others and al had, we agreed to an open relationship when we moved in together, we wanted to avoid dependencies and rules and like that from interfering with our love, but... I don' know. I was still very immature. Being around you made feel like a child and it was hard to have grown-up rest over my childish emotions-after all its these emotions made holding hands, talking to you and making love so special. Anyway, I thought about all these things quick and to cover my blush I asked how your lover's artistic project was coming along.

Maybe you were embarrassed for me too, or maybe yo were just enthusiastic about your lover's work, but you started off on a long monologue about it, telling me th I had known for months as well as the latest updates, describing how this piece fit in with your lover's past work, etc. You got so into your talk that you forgot ab your ice cream, and, it seemed almost like you'd forgot about me.

"Are you going to finish that?" I asked during a momentary pause. You looked embarrassed.

"Um...no." You handed it to me and sat in silence I finished it.

"Hey," I said after a few minutes."What's the matt This tactic of seeming concern and compassion effective put the burden of talking about inner feelings on you a left me free to conceal my disagreeable thoughts.

demand that workers there start an IWW branch.

And to bring up the Industrial Worker, which is the monthly newspaper of the IWW, there are Wobs who are calling for LESS international labor news in the IW and more news about Wobbly activities. I, for one, do not hold my breath at night, wondering how the Bingo Hall workers are faring in their struggle to gain acceptance at their (former) workplace. The fact that this is front-page news for the IW will let you in on the state of affairs in the IWW. Surely, this is not the type of organizing that will make Wall Street tremble in fear. I believe that an injury to one is an injury to all, but this would seem to me to make the struggles of bingo hall workers of no more importance than the struggles of factory workers in Guatemala, no matter their union affiliation.

If even the GST can recognize the sectarian nature of pushing the OBU line, why are some Wobs so reluctant to embrace other, similar unions?

In order to leap into the 20th century - before it's over with - the IWW has to take a good look at the conditions of society as it is now, not in the context of its founding in 1907. There are very few people who want to work for a living. Does that mean that in a post-revolutionary society that no work would ever be done? Certainly not! However, the method of work and the output of production would indeed take a radically different form.

Instead of working long, hard hours doing dreary, redundant labor, people would do the things which they have a personal interest in. Musicians would thus learn how to craft instruments in order to become members in good standing of the musician's union (guild?). The pride of making beautiful music from an instrument of one's own making would be reward enough for anyone to pursue such a goal. Since everyone eats, everyone should be involved in the production, distribution and preparation of food. And other laborious tasks, such as maintaining roads, sewage treatment, erection of buildings and so forth, could be shared by everyone in the community, thus reducing the amount of time anyone has to devote to shitwork. Even with daily work in food production, and shared community labor, the average workweek would never approach the forty-hours required by the capitalists, thus people would be free to pursue those things which give them pleasure. Many people

would enjoy setting an example by taking responsibility
hard work and still delight in working at projects that give
personal gratification. I - for one - can scarcely drag
away from "work" when I am excited by what I am doing.
of the greatest inventions and innovations did not happe
result of industrial research, but through the efforts of tin
and craftsmen, toiling away for hours on end because the
inspired by their own ingenuity, not due to financial r
Who knows what a society where everyone is free to chas
own visions will eventually achieve!

Instead of factories, there would be smaller work
and tool cooperatives. Instead of china shops, there wo
community kilns, where people could create thei
dinnerware. Miner's unions could exchange raw miner
finished products. Healthcare specialists could exchang
services for other community's specialties, such as work
who could make the surgical instruments.

But, this whole idealistic vision is not obtaina
begging for scraps from the capitalist's table. Since wor
advanced countries are being forsaken by the engine
capital, they must seize the initiative and begin to cre
post-revolutionary society in the vacuum the industriali
leaving behind. This is the challenge to workers
approach the 21st century, and the IWW must ask itself w
it will help its members achieve this vision of a better w
continue to perpetuate the old one. Even the name "In
Workers of the World" suggests no way out for workers!
a new name: Insurgent Wildfolk of the World!

Workers of the world, QUIT!

by Rob Los

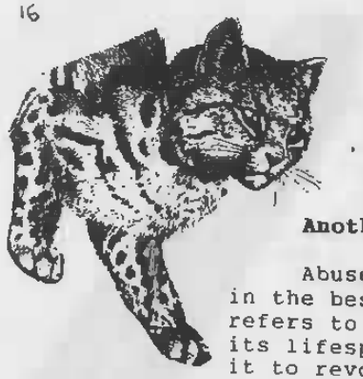
"I don't know...do you want me to stop seeing other people?" Oh no! The worst possible response-to answer my question with a question. Now I had to decide what I felt, and what of that I should tell you and how I could put it without upsetting or insulting you.

"Um, well. I really wouldn't be unhappy if you suddenly decided that you didn't want anyone but me." As I said them, I was afraid that these words sounded terribly coercive. "But I don't want to make that decision for you. I don't want to pressure you. I'm afraid that would damage our relationship more than any number of outside lovers. I'm greedy. I want to have you around as much as possible. But I love you enough to let you seek happiness wherever it is for you." I felt afraid, ready to take back anything I had just said if it bothered you.

"Okay," You said, and smiled. "Let's go home."

Nothing is ever simple. Or resolved.

By Pope George Ringo II



Another Diabolic, Cynical Dictionary

Abuse: The use of an object in a manner which is not in the best interests of the owner. Hence, "wife abuse" refers to the use of a wife in such a manner as to shorten its lifespan, lessen its capacity to bear children, or cause it to revolt against patriarchy.

Culture: A disease that afflicts groups of humans that inbreed creativity over a period of several generations.

Direct Action: Obstruction, violence, vandalism, or thuggish behavior, when performed by the ideologically correct.

Earth Mother Religions: The original Oedipus complex.

Enslavement:(1)Employment without incentive. (2)The natural result of social interaction.

Families:(1) The first concentration camps. (2)Social structures whereby self-oppression is learned, enforced and glorified. (3)The primary models for leftist collectives and other grassroots political organizations.

Genocide: Humanity's crowning achievement, the only known cure for Culture. Practically the only thing humans do that other animals don't (except write snide dictionaries).

Indigenous: Whoever managed to colonize and subjugate a given area first.

Justice: (1)A mighty diety, whose All-Knowing Objectivity is invoked whenever someone with sufficient power or media attention feels wronged. (2)Freedom for my friends to do as they please while my enemies are punished ruthlessly for whatever reason I choose. (3)The fact that True Believers in Causes are forced to live with themselves and others like them.

Men: Humans with no particular function (see Women, Wimmin)

Militant: Any grassroots person or group that resembles the military, either in attitude, tactics or I.Q. level.

Murder: Death, when it is caused by or not prevented by the enemy

Mystical: That which I do not understand well enough to explain to you. Hence, a tampon is generally mystical to twelve-year-old boys.

Patriarchy: From the Greek meaning "rule by fathers". A social system whereby the father is the number-one collaborator within the family and is rewarded with the right to punish his fellow prisoners and play mini-tyrant.

Political Prisoners: (1)People whose need for attention is so great, and capacity for intelligence so small, that they perform illegal acts in public, hoping to be arrested and gloriously hailed as martyrs by their comrades. (2)People of color who engage in the same acts of symbolic protest that are legal for whites.

Resistance: When those who deem themselves oppressed inflict damage on others.

Revolutionary Anarchist: The ideal tool for totalitarian propaganda. The revolutionary anarchist stops at nothing to weaken the current power elite and is a convenient scapegoat for post-revolutionary "temporary" police-states. Always the first against the wall.

Schools: Places where people become accustomed to prison, and learn to like limitations. Schools were developed due to the failure of patriarchal family units to accustom children (especially boys) to suffering and sacrifice as society became increasingly militarized and industrialized.

Spirituality: Any ideology developed to help humans deal with neuroses resulting from their consciousness of the inevitability of their own deaths. Usually this involves the dual tactics of reassuring people of their continuation after the destruction of their material bodies and the use of ritual pacification of neurotransmitters (through the use of drugs, meditation, chants, fasting or special diets, dance, self-denial, self-abuse, sexual regulation and/or exposure to thought-stifling propaganda). Essentially like breaking somebody's legs so that they will learn to use crutches more effectively.

Sterilization: Freedom from choice.

Strategy: The excuse for repeating the tactics that failed the first time ("It is part of our overall strategy...)

Suicide: An inalienable right of all living things.

Support: that which we pledge to our allies as long as it doesn't cost anything.

Survival: The means by which deadened people continue breathing.

Technology: The physical application of creativity with the intention of making something that will be useful to one's self and/or to others. Something which leftists and anarchists never object to when it is used by birds in building their nests, by ants or wasps in the maintenance of their urban societies, by indigenous people in farming or fishing, or by themselves in the production of printed propaganda. However, many anti-authoritarians oppose its use outside of these contexts, thereby yielding the most effective tools for expression and change into the hands of the authorities. They then express amazement at their own lack of effectiveness and blame it on conspiracy by State forces. Uh huh. Why not chop off your thumbs and then complain because the State fails to provide services for your disability.

Unemployment: (1)Bliss. (2)A state which radical visionaries wish to reserve only for themselves. (3)A difficulty only for the uncreative.

Wimmin (Alt:Womyn, Wimyn, Wemmin, etc.): Women who wish to renounce their humanity (see Men, Women).

Women: Humans with wombs.

MOVIE REVIEWS

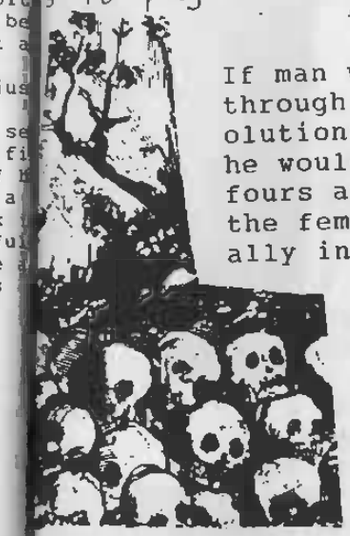
Tetsuo-The Iron Man: Like bad speed-without the cras This movie combines Kung-fu, gore, sex, lycanthropy, scie fiction and the Survival Research Laboratory aesthetic to produce a series of jolts strong enough to bring you completely out of the comatose state your daily life demands. It's loud, cheap, obscene, disturbing, repulsive and fun. There's definitely a Japanese feeling to the whole-but shot in black-and-white, with the special effec coming straight out of the junkyard, there's none of the Akira-style gloss or techno-fetishism one has lately come associate with Japanese cinema. These people fetshize car crashes, adrenaline and toxic waste dumps. There is next no dialogue, and the plot is pointless to follow. Suffice say that as the movie progresses, our friend Tetsuo finds himself becoming less and less organic as he is involved more and more violence. The last twenty minutes lag a bit and the attempt to explain all that is going on is, at be lame. But the actual ending is a treat, and the violent a flashback-inducing transformations distract from the sillyness. The soundtrack is an industrial nightmare (jus like the visuals, actually), no "danse" music, just a cybernetic shriek of pain and violence. The gratuitous se scenes are about the hottest straight sex I've seen on fi and the moviemaker (thankfully) is able to hold himself from over-indulgence in rape-fantasies (let's face it, a hard thing to do when combining violence and hetero-sex one movie). That's not to say there aren't some wonderful twisted visual jokes about "Iron Man's penis". Is there message? Does it promote values? Who gives a fuck? This movie gets two "fuck yeah"s from this critic.

Mike O'Blivion

TOTAL CHAOS

Sexcion

...he full — is the ...
no guarantees. No person, ...
future with certainty. So to,
...ing revolution is to lose life here a...
...are guaranteed is the freedom we take now. to grab our lives
from society, to take what we want, to create all we desire, to
...e our selves, our lives, our present the center of our existence in
...iance of society — this is total revolt. It is risky, but
...k is what gives life its edge, what hones the passions, and
...s to play its excitement. It is the creative sparks of risk



If man were not dulled through his stifling evolutionary development, he would know, as an all-fours animal knows, when the female was most sexually inclined.

used tactically it will not be systematic. Though it can be intelligent, it will not be rationalized. And under no circumstances is it self-perpetuating, because it is individual and temporary, spending itself fully in its free, passionate expression. Neither moralistic non-violence nor the systematic violence of military struggle can break down authority since both require some form of authority. Only the expansive and passionate violence of insurgent individuals playing alone or

The passionate violence that is suppressed turns in on the one feeling it, becoming the slow-killing, underlying violence of stress and anxiety. It is evident in the millions of little pinpricks of humiliation that pass between people on the streets and in the public places of every city—looks of disgust and hostility between strangers, and the verbal battles of wits exchanging guilt and blame between supposed friends. This is the subtlest and most total form of rationalized violence; everyone conforms out of fear of each others' disgust. This is the subtle form of violence practiced by pacifists.

I'd start to wonder if maybe my continuing obsession wasn't a sort of excuse not to risk an unfamiliar pain.

The exclusion of physical violence is **more than compensated** by the sophisticated use of psychological and intellectual pressure and the use of time against people who are less skilled and have less time. Consensus can be used as a means of blackmailing, for it imposes the responsibility of the whole group on each member, thus becoming an additional source of ideological and psychological pressure

Gian Luigi Ferri, the would-be tycoon who killed eight people and wounded six others in a San Francisco law office because he blamed lawyers for his botched business deals, hoped to survive his assault on 101 California St. and tell his delusional hard-luck story on "Oprah," documents found with his body suggest.

In a rambling, handwritten note discovered in a briefcase after his attack on the Pettit & Martin law firm ended with his suicide, Ferri had jotted down the names and addresses of more than a dozen TV shows, including "Oprah Winfrey," "Phil Donahue" and even "Washington Week in Review," The Examiner has learned.

Ferri's note also contains the phrase "Stockholm Syndrome" — a reference to a famous hostage standoff in Sweden in 1986. And in a typewritten letter found on his body, Ferri vowed to shoot up the Battery Street offices of Marcus & Millichap, a realty firm that Ferri blamed, along with Pettit & Martin and the manufacturers of the food additive MSG, for his financial problems.

"Marcus & Millichap neighbours in their offices will continue to be attacked until M&M goes out of business," he wrote, while in

wrong. Two of Ferri's mental health co-workers were on his "hit list."

"Many people," Peters said, "go into mental health either because they are interested or they are obsessed."

His enemies list spanned more than two decades, until something "detonated that time bomb — there was a trigger," said Rustigan. His theory centers on the eviction notice on Ferri's apartment or the $9 balance in his checking account.

Peters, who once headed the San Francisco jail system's psychiatric unit and interviewed Dan White after his deadly rampage through City Hall, speculated that Ferri planned a "very elaborate suicide" when he came to 101 California St.

"I would have no doubt but that

Social control is impossible w violence. Society produces sy of rationalized violence to ize individuals—to make them into resources for society. While sor these systems, such as the military, the police and the

government.

Even Campbell Soup and other food purveyors drew his wrath for use of the food additive MSG, which he labeled a "poison" that

Few radicals this century have taken actions as revolutionary as Ferri's insurgent attack upon bureaucracy. Atop a hideous monolithic monument to capital, comrade Luigi sprayed dozens of bullets at attorneys and their office-drones, killing nine and injuring many more. Those with any true interest in undermining the System will emu-

late this glorious martyr, if possible making office work more dangerous to health than heroin addiction.

101 California Everywhere!

passes for "radical theory" these days uses the scalpel the artist's brush or the velvet glove in its analyses. N surprize since most so-called "radical" theoreticians are academics with no real interest in a practical radical with society - they might just lose their cushy unive jobs. But I have no interest in healing society, paint interesting word-pictures with no bite or gently woo anyone to my "position." I'd rather raze society to th ground and that requires words that are switchblades, guns and throwing stars.

Show them what they stand to lose.
Susan Brown

EDITORS' NOTE

Some readers objected to the term "faggots" in a letters headline [April 12]. They're right. We regret the use, even in irony or misplaced camaraderie.

The theory and application of hardcore and punk geekitude started over 2 decades ago but only until early 1990 was it officially give an official name and rank in the New York City area. Geek Edge started when a group of N.Y. youths finally became fed up with the "hard edge"/"hate core"

For some strange reason, he had nevre been able to accept that painted cattleguards actually worked. A real cattleguard, consisting of ten or fifteen steel rails or two-by-fours six to eight inches apart and laid across a dug-out section of road, kept cows, afraid of plunging a hoof between the rails and maybe breaking a leg, from crossing. A painted cattleguard, however, was just that: nothing more subtle or elaborate than a group of evenly spaced white stripes painted across a macadam road. They were also about five hundred dollars cheaper to build than real cattleguards.

The formally loose and unauthoritarian structure of the affinity groups and the organisation as a whole is compensated by procedures of ideological and social preselection based on the consensus process. Consesus has been presented as a 'non-violent way for people to relate to each other as a group' and practised for centuries by the Quakers. The process is **formaly** democratic loke minority/majority systems, delegation systems, and decision by lot. But, on the level of class realiti, it excludes the less qualified labour force

Queers have been worked over by female Senders. Actually, the most forced examples of non-fetishistic sexual activity thinly disguised as "freedom" have a common format. All involve alien domination matrices which are moralistic when expressed in words. They are a reminder of what the Senders can and will do unless stopped. Each with her own "devine" path to paradise, hath accused the other of heresies and spiritual insurrections. By pretending sectarianism, they deceive their victims into seeing them as divided. Also many of them have sold out their bodies to Death, Inc. Therefore, beware of anyone who seems to have no real friends and no apparent interest in life (except you). Their souls wouldn't buy a paper of milk sugar shit. They are the squids that feed on the cockroaches between your mind's walls. They want you to feel obligated to them, and would be very disappointed and even resentful if you attempted to repay them with material objects. But the enemy needs bodies to get around.

social violence that surrounds us, it's no surprise that people are fooled into viewing all violence as a single, monolithic entity rather than as specific acts or ways of relating. The system of violence produced by society *does* become a monolith, a monolith which acts to perpetuate itself.

In reaction to this monolithic system of violence, the "pathology of pacifism" develops. Unable to see beyond social categories, the pacifist creates a false dichotomy, limiting the question of violence to the ethical/intellectual choice between an acceptance of violence as a monolithic system or the total rejection of violence. But this choice exists only in the realm of worthless abstractions, because in the world in which we actually live, pacifism and systematic violence depend on each other. Pacifism is an ideology which demands total social peace as its ultimate goal. But total social peace would require the complete suppression of the individual passions that create individual incidences of violence—and that would require total social

"Wear a mask!"

paradigms filtering our experiences of the world.

EXCERPTS FROM THE PIRATE'S LOG

(used w/o permission. Sorry folx...)

What is the residue of all this movement? People here and gone. Passing through. And lingering. This place is already rich with our experiences. And maybe we don't need a map or a history, but then again experimentation (trial and error) is essential to recreating life and the rules and codes are there for us to decipher and smash. Play is risky. So have at it and enjoy.

All I need is enough money to buy a fuckin UZI FUCKIN KILL EVERYONE DODGE CARS SUCK EXHAUST KILL KILL WASTE MONEY KILL FUCKIN RIDE RIDE RIDE KILL KILL SPIN WHEEL DODGE CAR WASTE MONEY KILL SELF GET IT INTO YOUR HEAD MONEY KILL BIKE FUCK YOU WASTE CAR RIDE DIE SUCK RIDE MONEY DEATH. TRAP. MONEY. RIDE. FUCK YOU. KILL. DODGE CARS. WASTE MONEY. BICYCLE. BICYCLE. DIECYCLE. BUYCYCLE. BICYCLE. FUCK YOU.

FUCK GOD. There got that out of the way. Mutiny is not a place, it's a state o' mind. And, unfortunetely, more often than not it's a vice. Sittin' in the living rm. Pretty icy. Good company + shared intoxicants, Basic punk on speakers. And after having seen Mr Wrong is Okay to be here even though the guy next door told me I was keeping him awake with my idle banter on the porch.

Individuals are individuals. Let your passions decide.

On the 17th of Oct I met THINK (a band on tour from Milwaukee) in front of the Cup & Saucer at approx 1:30 PM. They played a show with Agent 86. They were pissed because there werent any flyers up for it or anything and no one there kicked down any money for gas because they were all buying beer and ignoring the band. Think was pissed. So they were playing acoustically in front of C&S for spare change...

Never, never tolerate stupidity, no matter how likeable the stupid people seem. Otherwise you're liable to get sucked down into the muck. I, and most of my house, were only interested in this gathering as a chance to see old friends, meet a few new folks and play a bit. We did see old friends, me a few new...But we had little fun, and got swept up into a hellish tornado. Intense cop harassment, threat of a raid, possibilities of shit coming down for me...

It has always been the project of civilization to demobilize any given place: to define, map out, and sterilize the unpredictable universe. Home is part of the process: a space is officially occupied and lives officially occupy a space. The two begin to need each other, they lose their autonomy. In order to regain this autonomy we must continually rediscover, play with and reabandon places... Lets not be civilized...home is where the heart lies and truth is anywhere else.

Though none of the Pirate House participated in the events downtown-basically a police riot which started when riot pigs cordoned off the area surrounding the X-Ray. If they had left it alone, it'd have been just another boring punk show. People hadn't even done anything and there were 15-20 riot pigs and at least a dozen porkmobiles... Since the crusty party Friday, the police have cruised by the Pirate House regularly. I awoke monday after the riot and watched cops go by...

Last night, several of us went to Laurelhurst Park. The moon was full the clouds delightful, the air brisk and refreshing. It was truly fun-and I actually felt comfortable around everyone-in fact, more than comfortable. Selah said something interesting about how we changed when out there, how we were, at the same time, more mellow and more excited and about how the way we talked to each other and what we said was different.

There once was a guy named Randy. And he had a friend named Jeff. Once they were at Tigard Center. And they played a little HAckey-Sack. Now Randy was a bit of a dude. And Jeff liked to match bowls with strangers. And then Tammy showed up from Newberg/ And Jeff and Randy pitched a pants tent. And they all got on the bus to the city and went to see the Journey reunion gig. Where they again proceeded to match bowls with fellow rockers. ..

Hey, if our landlords don't want the washer and dryer back, I have dib

on their destruction